

The Oxford County Citizen.

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BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1925

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FEBRUARY COURT

The February term of Supreme Judicial Court will open at South Paris next Tuesday, Feb. 10, Justice Charles J. Dunn presiding. The grand jury which was empaneled in October will be in attendance. Venues for traverse jurors have been returned as follows:

Frank W. Allen, Backfield.
Herbert M. Allen, Rumford.
Walter A. Bean, Oxford.
Frank H. Beck, Norway.
Irving L. Carver, Bethel.
Stephen B. Cummings, Norway.
J. A. Dunning, Andover.
Ronello Edwards, Paris.
R. L. Ford, Mexico.
Charles E. Fox, Fryeburg.
Fred S. Frost, Norway.
Lincoln A. Fuller, Upton.
Harry N. Hall, Rumford.
Miss Ione Harlow, Dixfield.
Lewis S. Hayford, Hartford.
H. H. Hutchins, Rumford.
Alden E. Johnson, Canton.
Mrs. Lucella Johnson, Brownfield.
Harry Lyon, Bethel.
A. R. Mason, Glenad.
E. H. Nason, Paris.
Clarence J. Perham, Woodstock.
Leon L. Pollard, Woodstock.
George H. Rice, Waterford.
H. A. Richards, Stoneham.
Leona Ridlon, Paris.
James Robertson, Mexico.
Sylvester Seales, Peru.
Charles J. Small, Hiram.
Alfred B. Sturtevant, Hebron.
A. D. Thayer, Oxford.
H. C. Thomas, Sumner.
Walter True, Roxbury.

Of the thirty-three thus far returned, three are women. An unusual thing is that in two of the towns, service was made on the jurors drawn by women constables, Susan T. Barker in Fryeburg, and Mand Hunting in Oxford. Fryeburg has always been a pioneer in giving to women under the new dispensation offices which were formerly the function of men.

SCOUT NEWS

"The Morning After The Night Before."—Scout Program and Scout Refreshments Scout Made—Best Results in Several Years of History

The play side of the B. S. A. was shown to the super delight of boyhood on Monday evening. Every one of the participants would like such a program again.

The games began at 6:45. (1) The starter was the famous 1924 "Bardings" plus forfeits for the last man. The Scoutmaster ran the gauntlet and many of the boys went through "The Dutch Oven."

(2) The Kings next received visitors who sat down abruptly on soft feather beds!

(3) The third game, "Are You Ready Brother?"—a typical Scout game—produced abundant laughter.

(4) The blanket game was more or less fun for every one except tenderfoot Merrill.

(5) Refreshments—One gallon Scout trade and Scout served ice cream.

(6) Red and Black.

(7) Program closed with all at attention. The Scout Oath and laws were given. Patrol Leader of the Beavers, Precland Clark, cautioned every Scout not to think of Scouting as merely fun or play but the doing of real things in a real world.

GRANGE NEWS

PLEASANT VALLEY GRANGE
Pleasant Valley Grange will hold its regular meeting next Tuesday evening, Feb. 10. There will be a special program and an oyster supper. All members are urged to attend this meeting.

ALDER RIVER GRANGE
Alder River Grange, P. of H. No. 147, met in regular session Wednesday evening, Jan. 28. Worthy Master George I. Haines in the chair. All awaited the flag salute. Opening song "After the Sunset" was sung. After the routine business was disposed of the following committees were appointed:

Executive—Gordon Kimball, John Howe, Guy Hightell.

Finance—May Hastings, Rose Hart, Edith Howe.

Education—May Hastings, Rose Hart, Edith Howe.

Both C. Hastings was elected President. H. B. Newton was elected Janitor.

Grange voted a public school party to be held Saturday evening, Feb. 14.

Grange voted a committee be appointed to purchase new lamps for hall.

Worthy Lecturer presented an interesting and pleasing program. All joined in the closing song.

Message closed in form.

Mrs. John Perle is ill at her home on Paradise Road.

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mrs. Harry Sawin was in South Paris, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bryant have been ill with severe colds.

Mr. T. B. Burk has been in very poor health for the past few weeks.

Mr. Leslie Davis was home from Brookline, Mass., over the week end.

Mr. William Vandenberghe was home from Boston over the week end.

Mrs. Jennie Littlehale has been suffering with blood poisoning in her hand.

Mr. Merle Swan is home from his work in Berlin, N. H., for a few days.

Mr. Clarence Philbrook was home from Norwich University over the week end.

The snow roller has been kept busy the past week by the heavy fall of snow.

Mr. H. D. McAllister of North Paris was a business visitor in town one day last week.

Miss Avis Cottrell of Boston has been the guest of Miss Muriel Park for the past week.

Mrs. Lucian Littlehale has been confined to the house by illness the past two weeks.

Mr. Fairfield McCann, G. A. '23, was the week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Hanson.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Kilborn have gone to St. Petersburg, Fla., for the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bennett of West Bethel spent Sunday in town with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Albion Morgan and sister, Miss Rose Harvey, attended Pomona Grange at Bryant Pond, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. George are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Saturday, Jan. 31.

Misses Ruth and Clara Luxton of West Bethel were guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Luxton, Sunday.

Mrs. Martha Kendall and Mrs. C. O. Becker attended the Lecturers' Conference at Waterville, last week.

Mrs. True Durkee of Upton was a recent guest of Mrs. D. Grover Brooks, on her way home from Massachusetts.

Miss Dorris Frost is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Arthur Wiley, at Bar Mills while Dr. Wiley is in the hospital.

Walter Jodrey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Jodrey, had the misfortune to fall and break his leg while skiing, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Andrews have returned from Albany and are occupying the down state rest in their house on Vernon Street.

Mrs. Vivian Wight, who has been visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. I. H. Wight, for a few days, returned to Bethel, Wednesday.

Mr. Myron B. Strout and wife returned to their home in Poland, Monday. Mr. Strout has been employed at the new dormitory.

Mrs. Ivan Arno and two children, Helvo and Winifred, of Kroll, N. H., were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Brown of South Portland were in town over the week end. Mr. Brown has returned home but Mrs. Brown will remain for a few days with her mother, Mrs. J. M. Philbrook.

All depositors in savings banks in Norway, South Paris and Bethel should present their bank books to the bank for verifying purposes on or before Thursday, February 12th.

The many friends of Dr. Arthur G. Wiley of Bar Mills, Me., will be pleased to hear that he is recovering from a serious operation for appendicitis at St. Barnabas Hospital, Portland.

Mrs. Winifred, who has been staying at the home of Mr. Frank Kendall, has gone to Kittery, Me., where she will spend the remainder of the winter with Mrs. C. W. Prince. The many friends of Mrs. Prince (Nebel Farwell) who has been critically ill, are glad to know that she is improving.

PYTHIAN SISTERS HOLD INSTALLATION

The installation of the officers of Naacomi Lodge, Pythian Sisters, was held Wednesday evening of last week at the Grange Hall. Mrs. Grace Starbird, G. P., of South Paris acted as installing officers, assisted by Mrs. Ava Austin, G. M., and Mrs. Helen Berry, G. S. The following officers were installed:

P. C.—Hester Sanborn.
M. E. C.—Carrie French.
E. S.—Mildred Lowell.
E. J.—Helen Baker.
Manager—Minnie Bennett.
M. of R. & C.—Constance Wheeler.
M. of P.—Bertha Wheeler.
Protector—Mabel Blake.
Guard—Carrie Jordan.

At the close of the installation Mrs. Hester Sanborn was presented with a Past Chief's pin, and Mrs. Starbird, installing officers, was also remembered by a gift from the lodge.

The following program was carried out during the evening:

Piano solo, Mrs. Russell Reading, Electa Chapin.

Solo, Mrs. Mary Achenbach.

Reading, Mrs. E. E. Bennett.

Violin and Piano Duet, Misses Brink and Emery.

Reading, Shirley Brooks.

Trin, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Brink and Miss Perol Brink with piano and violin accompaniment.

Refreshments were served after the program and the remainder of the evening was spent with cards and dancing.

GOULD ACADEMY NOTES

The Y. W. C. A. Girl Reserves of Gould Academy held a song service at their regular meeting Tuesday night at their school. The singing was very ably conducted by Miss Lenfest.

Dean Hart of the University of Maine spent Friday at Gould Academy in conference with all the boys who have any intentions of going to that University.

Several alumni spent the week end with friends at Gould Academy. Among these were Fairfield McCann who is attending Boston University, Clarence Philbrook who is attending the University of Norwich, and Rodney Linnell who is working in Pennsylvania.

On February 24, 1925, the Third Annual Winter Carnival will be held under the auspices of the Gould Academy Y. W. C. A. The events will take place on Vernon street, and will be as follows:

Ski jumping
100 yd. snowshoe dash for boys
75 yd. snowshoe dash for girls
150 yd. ski dash for boys

Ski and snowshoe obstacle races
Long distance ski and snowshoe races
Ski slide for girls

Ski jumping in two classes
Inter class relay, snowshoe

In the evening medals will be awarded for the various events, in the William Bingham Gymnasium. The awarding of honors will be followed by a circus, after which there will be a short order of dances, with bridge and whist. Refreshments will be on sale.

The object of this carnival is to promote interest in winter sports. It is not a money making scheme but as considerable expense is involved a small admission will be charged to both the day and evening events.

Following are the committees in charge of arrangements:

General Committee—Chairman R. Holmes, G. Charles, E. Moudt.

Publicity Committee—Chairman R. Stanley, G. James, C. Hamilton, A. Jordan.

Ski jump Committee—Chairman G. Charles, J. Adams, P. Hamlin.

Obstacle race and dash Committee—Chairman D. Kiddle, G. York, P. Clark.

Long distance Committee—Chairman H. Chase, M. Chapin, P. Bryant.

Hot dog Committee—Chairman V. Howe, R. Keddy, W. Gibbs.

Announcer—Richard Howe.

Manager—P. Wheeler.

Master—R. C. Friedman, P. P. Fox.

Timer—Herman Mason.

Further announcements will be made as to details of the events, and their time and place.

Word has been received in town of the death of Lewis Wheeler of Townsend, Vt. A more extended account will be given next week.

Wilfred Dwyer and Adelford Tarlette of Montreal were entertained at Maple last Tuesday night. They are on their way to attend the Canadian Snowshoe Excavation which opens in Lewiston, Saturday, and are making the entire trip of about 300 miles on snowshoes.

BETHEL'S GREATEST NEED

Two years ago when the wonderful pictures of snow-submerged Bethel came to Santa Barbara, which was blossoming all the way through the winter months, we exclaimed at the buried village; then almost shouted, "Think of the Grammar School children!"

Thus far, no winter with its special record of piled-up drifts has embarrassed the comfort of this village, but there has been enough snow to give reason for facing a problem every family with children will be more than willing to see solved.

Standing at the door of the Grammar School it is a moving sight to see these lines of interesting children pass out and in, seeking to secure the little amount of pure air and needed exercise granted them, by a recess cut short by the necessary wrappings for our northern climate.

And the teachers! Only one who has properly wrapped and occluded one child for its play-time in the winter, and unraveled him again,--dangerously wet from contact with snowdrifts and snowballs, can possibly imagine what some of our teachers undergo. Sixty-four children in one room! The time so limited that some children can barely have more than a breath of air before they need to take their turn again to be unwrapped and made safely presentable again for the school room!

It was Monday morning, January 20th. Scene—Recess hour in the morning. Children standing around a small, snowy area. No real playing, excepting for a boy or two on skis--the rest standing around, shivering, with no spirit to get what exercise they might. Larger boys inclined to roughhouse with the smaller ones. A loud roar and a small boy, plastered with wet snow, lies to a sympathetic teacher. He is comforted, brushed off, and stood up against a radiator to dry!

"What do you do with such children?" we asked. "We get off their wet clothing as soon as possible," was the reply, "but they get so thoroughly wet some times that if they live any where near we have been obliged to have them run to their homes. We often wonder that there is a well child in school in the winter season."

"How much of the recess hour is taken up with this service for the children?" "Not less than twenty minutes," was the reply. "How much time do they then have for recess?" "Very little; there is the trouble; and also, the time taken for the care of the wet clothing has to come from lesson hours!"

Poor little prisoners! Needing every muscle set in action after hours of confined seats, with lungs contracted by lack of oxygen and little nerves starved because of unassimilated food, what chance is there for a brain to develop, a body to keep well, or a teacher to have time to give such a class what it needs for instruction when so much time is taken up with duties of a nursery-maid!

From November to April our little children need a large, airy recreation room with wide open windows, where exercise and air fit them for study. Our older children a large airy basement with sunshine pouring in, where gymnastics can be freely used when it is too cold or too snow bound to be out of doors, when so many days in the month make it impossible to become anything but wet from rough playing.

If there are any doubters, take it upon yourselves to be at the doors of the schoolhouse after one of our beautiful but hampering snowstorms,--and after watching children and teachers, make ready to follow those who are giving time and serious thought to this subject.

Our beautiful Bethel children! Our helpless Bethel children! The "Core of the heart," the "Apple of the eye," to fathers and mothers who see their most precious of all earthly possessions start out from home, to meet conditions for from what they have a right to demand from strong men and loving women!

Small Bethel that its eyes "fill there are little open graves to be filled by its neglected children! What tax would regard that one, upon the heart's best life, if a child were lost from a home because weakened by lack of air and exercise, when subjected to the cold and snow of a worse than our proper playground!

Bethel has been granted exceptional advantages. What village has been so fortunate as to be placed at the front of the State's educational institutions? What village is honored by such a widely admired fact? Or saved from a potential rain by a protected water supply? Or so beautifully by personal service and gifts?

We have a community of New England.

BASKETBALL

Last Friday night at the William Bingham Gymnasium, the Gould basketball team defeated the strong Berlin high team by the score of 33 to 23.

This game was the fastest seen on the gymnasium floor this year, Gould showing to better advantage than in any other game thus far this season.

The general all round work of both teams is to be commended. For Gould Kiddle and Goddard played their positions well and made several pretty shots from the floor, while on the defense Thurston broke up a lot of plays.

For Berlin Bloom and Locke starred.

Summary:

	FG	F	PTS
BERLIN			
Stallford, Jr.	1	2	4
Bloom, Jr.	2	2	6
Locke, Jr.	4	1	9
Reid, Jr.	2	0	4
Dunn, Jr.	0	0	0
Totals	9	5	23

	FG	F	PTS
GOULD			
Goddard, Jr.	4	3	11
Kiddle, Jr.	5	2	12
Mundt, Jr.	3	1	7
Thurston, Jr.	0	3	0
Holmes, Jr.	0	0	0
Harris, Jr.	0	0	0
Totals	12	9	33

Both the boys and girls basketball teams will journey to Groveton, N. H., this Friday where they will play the teams of that high school. A few weeks ago Groveton played at Bethel and the girls won by the slight margin of one point. The Groveton boys had considerable trouble with our team and went home with the short end of a forty-four to twenty score. The game at Groveton should be much closer and Gould will have plenty of work on their hands bringing home the bacon. The girls have been practicing consistently and feel sure that they can reverse the score this time and come home with the victory.

On Wednesday night, Feb. 11, Gould Academy boys basketball team plays a return game on Gould's home floor with Billy O'Connell's Catholic High School team. Catholic has been coming along very fast since O'Connell took over the coaching of the purple institution and has been cleaning up all comers since Christmas, with the exception of a game lost to Mexico by a close score which Mexico won 31 to 24. Two weeks ago Gould lost to Catholic on the big arena floor in Portland by seven points, but since then the team has been rejuvenated and with the added strength of Keniston who was unable to make the Portland trip and the confidence Gould will have by playing on their home floor and before the home crowd Gould ought to send Catholic home with the short end of the score. If Gould can win from Catholic and by a bigger score than Catholic won from Gould we will almost be assured of an invitation to go to the Bates tournament. Gould has been going strong the last two weeks and all those who saw the game with Berlin will have to admit that there was a vast improvement in the team since the game at Berlin three days after the Christmas vacation. Come out and boost for Gould against Catholic and incidentally see one of the best games of the year. Catholic is considered a favorite in and around Portland and we are going to do our best to pull them down from their high place in the game Wednesday night.

MRS. ANNIE M. FOSTER

Word has been received announcing the sudden death of Mrs. Annie M. Foster of Dorchester, Mass., who has spent many summers in Bethel with her daughter, Mrs. Irene Foster, at Pinecroft Cottage.

Mrs. Foster was dining at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Ralph Hall, also a regular summer guest at Bethel, when she suffered a stroke of paralysis, and died a few hours.

Mrs. Foster was a woman of unusual poise and strength of character and her passing brings sadness to many Bethel friends by whom she was loved and admired.

And these children are to be the future of our State to go out as representatives of a fine old stock, as powers for good for other parts of the country. Bethel can surely do as well as when she built the present fine but overgrown Grammar School, and will meet this pitiless need of care for the helpless as in days gone by!

Bethel has never failed--for any good cause--in "Go over the top!" See her do it now!

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Hall were in Lewiston, Thursday.

FORMER BETHEL MAN AND WIFE OBSERVE 55th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Dr. and Mrs. George M. Twitchell of Maple Street, Auburn, celebrated their 55th wedding anniversary on Sunday.

The day was passed quietly at home, few of their friends knowing of the anniversary. Dr. Twitchell is slowly recovering from an illness which has kept him closely confined to his home for a month or more.

Dr. and Mrs. Twitchell need no introduction to people here and in the surrounding towns and cities, especially in Monmouth and Auburn where they have resided for many years. A series of articles called "The Home Garden for 1922" written by the doctor will place him in the minds of many people who found them entertaining and interesting.

His many associates here regret the doctor's ill health but are happy to learn that he is getting along very well and will soon be able to enjoy the events of the day again.--Lewiston Journal.

Dr. Twitchell is a native of Bethel and is well known here. His many friends in town will be interested in the above article.

PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION AND BOY SCOUTS TO ENTERTAIN

The Parent-Teacher Association and Bethel Scouts have an evening program at Odeon Hall, February 9 at 8:10 P. M. Ten reels of motion pictures will be shown by the kindness of Mr. Bragdon.

The evening's program:

Parent Teacher business, Odeon Hall, 7:45 8:10 o'clock.

Pictures as follows beginning at 8:10:

1 News reel, (1 reel).

2 A trip to the White Mountains, (1 reel).

3 Knights of The Square Table, (4 reels).

No. 2 and No. 3 are Scout pictures, showing exactly what Scouting means.

4 Beyond the Microscope. The General Electric Company have made this picture to show us how electricity is made, (1 reel).

5 The Sugar Industry, (2 reels). The American Sugar Refining Company, 10 Broad St., Boston, are glad to have the public know the process of sugar making.

6 One comic reel. (For children). (1 reel).

The registered Scouts will sell tickets beginning on Thursday. Day your ticket early. This is not a plan to make money. Prices are made to cover cost.

Adults, twenty-five (25) cents; boys and girls under twelve, fifteen (15) cents.

The business meeting for the Parent-Teacher Association will be in Odeon Hall at 7:45.

Mr. Bragdon shows his usual cheerfulness, of other years, in thus forwarding the interests of the people of Bethel.

Mrs. Frank Hunt, who has been seriously ill at her home in the Naimy Block on Main Street, is more comfortable at this writing.

Mr. F. J. Tyler who is spending the winter in Portland, was in town a few days the first of the week, the guest of Mr. Levi Bartlett.

Miss Marjorie Farwell has completed her duties with the E. L. Tobols Co. at Locke's Mills, and has accepted a position with the Merrill, Adams Co.

Mrs. Grace Starbird of South Paris was in town last Wednesday to install the officers of Naacomi Temple. While here she was entertained by Mrs. H. P. Austin.

The snowstorm and wind blow of last Thursday night and Friday was the worst of the winter. About twelve inches of light snow fell and with a high wind it was soon piled into drifts that were impossible in some places. The usual delivery men were unable to make the whole of their routes. Saturday morning Robert Sanborn, driver of delivery route No. 1 was unable to get to the post office from his home in Middlebury on account of bad roads.

The lake stage did not arrive in Bethel from Upton until 8:30 Friday evening, and Saturday it was impossible to get anywhere at all. Between Newry Corner and North Newry some drifts were encountered from 6 to 16 feet deep.

Another snowstorm Monday brought us about six inches more of snow, making about three feet in all on the ground.

To add to the discomfort of the weather the thermometer went down to as low as 28 degrees below zero Thursday morning.

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Judith of BLUE LAKE RANCH

By JACKSON GREGORY

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Synopsis

CHAPTER I.—Bud Lee, horse foreman of the Blue Lake ranch, conspires with Trevors, manager, to liberate Judith, his daughter, from the hands of the villainous Hampton, who has kidnapped her. Hampton, a young man of the name of Hampton, is a villainous man. Hampton, a young man of the name of Hampton, is a villainous man. Hampton, a young man of the name of Hampton, is a villainous man.

CHAPTER II.—The men on the ranch, taking orders from a girl, but by subduing a vicious horse and proving her thorough knowledge of the ranch, Judith wins the best of them over. Lee decides to stay.

CHAPTER III.—Convinced her veterinarian, Bill Crowley, is treacherous, Judith discharges him, re-engaging an old friend of her father's, Doc Tripp.

CHAPTER IV.—Pollock Hampton, with a party of friends, comes to the ranch to stay permanently. Trevors accepts Hampton's invitation to visit the ranch. Judith, in the meantime, is held up and robbed of the monthly pay roll.

CHAPTER V.—Bud Lee goes to the city for more money, getting back safely with it, though his horse is killed under him. Both he and Judith see Trevors' hand in the crime. Hug Lee, hired to account for breaks out on the ranch. Judith and Lee investigate the scene of the holdup, climb the mountains, where the robber must be hidden.

CHAPTER VI.—A cabin in a down-pouring clearing excites Judith's attention. It is Lee's, though he does not know it. They are from an anti-trust fight, and Lee, wounded, is hiding in the building. Judith, who has the money taken from Judith's father in the Boston case, is compelled to stay all night.

CHAPTER VII.—Hampton, at the ranch, becomes uneasy at Judith's long absence. With Tommy Burkitt, he goes to look for her, and capturing one man, known as "Shorty".

CHAPTER VIII.—"Shorty" escapes from imprisonment. Judith, in the meantime, is held up and robbed of the monthly pay roll.

CHAPTER IX.—The discovery is made that plegions, with how cholera turns on their feet, have been liberated. Judith, in the meantime, is held up and robbed of the monthly pay roll.

CHAPTER X.—At a dance Judith meets in honor of Hampton's friends. She appears in evening dress. It is revealed by one of the party an old acquaintance, Dave Lee, once called Bud, but called by a friend, false friend, Judith, in her words, "a man who has been a fool for a long time."

CHAPTER XI.—Word is sent to Lee that Quinlan has been casting about for Judith's name because of the night she was held up. Lee, in the meantime, is held up and robbed of the monthly pay roll.

CHAPTER XII.—After the kissing incident Judith ignores Lee, who would go away, but finds himself unable to do so. A letter from Hampton, who has been a fool for a long time, is received. Judith, in the meantime, is held up and robbed of the monthly pay roll.

CHAPTER XIII.—Lee tells Carson of Hampton's suspicions. Hampton, in the meantime, is held up and robbed of the monthly pay roll.

CHAPTER XIV.—Hampton, "You start now and keep going. Bud Lee if you don't want to go, time in the jail."

Tommy Burkitt, starting back across the broken miles of mountain, canyon, and forest, his eyes flaming, was muttering:

"Look at that, Bud. What do you say to it?"

For a little Lee did not answer. He and Tommy and Hampton, standing among the rocks, turned their eyes together toward the little building in the northern side of Blue Lake ranch.

"I make out," said Lee slowly, "that Trevors means business and that Carson has got his work cut out for him this morning, Tommy."

For the thing which had caught the boy's eyes was a blaze on the ridge, the flames leaping and licking at the burning darkness, its smoke a black wreath on the horizon, staining the flow of the dawn. And farther along the same ridge was a second blaze, smaller with distance, but growing as it drew near the break. Still farther a third.

"If that fire ever gets a good start," muttered Lee heavily, "it's going to sweep the ranch. God knows where it will stop. And just how Carson is going to fight fire with one hand and hold his stock with the other, I don't know."

But even then he turned his eyes away from the ranch, sweeping the

But still he guarded his tongue. "He would speak," she thought, "but that I would recognize his voice. Trevors or Quinlan? Which?"

Feeling the first quick spurt of hope when she saw that there was but one man to deal with, she was quicker to seize the first opportunity for flight. But that hope died swiftly as she recognized that no such opportunity was to be granted her. Once she paused, looking to a possible leap over a low ledge and escape in a thick bit of timber. But the two eyes through the slits in the improvised mask had been keen and quick, a heavy hand was laid on her arm, she felt the fingers bite into her flesh as he sought to drive into her a full comprehension of his grim determination that she should not escape.

It was when they had clambered high upon a mass of tumbled boulders, topping a ridge that Judith had seen the man's face. Doctly she had obeyed his gestures for an hour; now, suddenly maddened at the silence and



Her Eyes Were Covered Tightly.

the mask over his face, she sprang unexpectedly upon him, shoving him from the rock on which he had stopped, smothering off his mask as she did so. For the first time she heard his voice, cursing her coolly as he gripped and held her.

It was Bayne Trevors, at last come out into the open, his eyes hard on hers.

"It's just as well that you know whom you are up against," he said as he held her with his hand heavy on her shrinking shoulder.

Summoning all of the reckless fearlessness which was her birthright, she laughed at him coolly, laughed as the two stood against the sky-line, upon the rugged breast of a lonesome land.

"So you are a fool, after all, Bayne Trevors," she jeered at him. "Fool enough to mix first-hand in a dangerous undertaking."

Trevors shrugged. "Yes!" He slipped the handkerchief into his pocket and stared at her with a glint of anger in the blue-gray of his eyes. He lifted his broad shoulders. "Or wise man enough to do my own work when needs be, and when I'd have no bungling? I'm going to square with you, girl, bullet with you for meddling, for a bullet hole in each shoulder. If there's a fool in our little junketing party, it's a girl who thought she could handle a man's-size job."

They went on, over the ridge and down. Judith made no second attempt to surprise him, for always his eyes watched her. Nor did she seek to hold back or in any way to hamper him now. For, swiftly adjusting herself to the new conditions, she made her first decision: Trevors did think her a "fool of a girl." Trevors did sneer at her helplessness in that man's foot, let him think her a little fool, let him hold her in his contempt; but let her grow to think he coward and helpless. Then, when the time came—

Again she had been blindfolded; again she had been offered no choice. Again she had followed him to a dangerous undertaking. Again she had been offered no choice. Again she had followed him to a dangerous undertaking.

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Again she had been blindfolded; again she had been offered no choice. Again she had followed him to a dangerous undertaking. Again she had been offered no choice. Again she had followed him to a dangerous undertaking.

softly than Judith had thought the man could speak. "You will know what to do with her. And you will not let her escape you again."

The mad woman, for only too plainly was her reason strangely misshapen, stood in silence; her great muscular body looming high above Judith's; a giant of a woman, bigger than Trevors even, broad and heavy, her forearms thick and corded, her bare throat like the bull neck of a prize-fighter.

"I will know, I will know," she said, her eyes filled with cunning, her voice a strange singsong oddly at variance with the coarse bigness of her body. "Oh, no, she will never escape from me again!"

"I will have a man on the ledge outside night and day," went on Trevors. "But we cannot be so sure of others as we are of ourselves, Ruth. You know that, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I know," she answered quickly. As she spoke she suddenly shot out her long arm so that her great, bony hand fastened like a big claw on the girl's shoulder. "I have got her again! She is mine, all mine. Oh, I will keep her well!"

In a little while Trevors left. He had not returned. Mad Ruth, still gripping Judith's shoulder, half led her, half thrust her farther back in the cavern. Judith made no resistance. Always, even when terror was uppermost she held one thought in mind: "I can make them think me a little fool and a weakling, my chance may come after a while."

As the two women passed around a bend in the sinuous tunnel-like cave, the faint rays of the lantern they had left behind them died out, and heavy darkness shut them in. Judith could hardly make out the huge form towering over her. But Ruth, whether her eyes were like a cat's and accustomed to this sombre place, or whether a hand on a rock wall or a foot on the uneven floor under her told her which way to go, moved on without hesitation. Judith estimated roughly that they had come fifty yards from the outside ledge in front of the cave when she was pushed down and felt the rude head of fringes under her.

"No," grunted the woman, for the first time removing her hand from the girl's shoulder. "I've got you again, my pretty. And this time you don't play any more little tricks on your old mother."

She was gone swiftly, all but silently, through the gloom, her form vaguely outlined against the lantern's glimmer, to bring the food and water which she had set down when she came in. Judith drank and ate.

It was only little by little, in fragments which she obtained during the slow days which followed, that she came to understand Trevors' scheme. And the scheme was in keeping with the man; so far as it was possible, Bayne Trevors was still playing safe.

Mad Ruth was an odd mixture of cruelty and madness. Perhaps very long ago—Judith came to believe that it had occurred at the time when she had gone mad, for God knows what reason—Mad Ruth had had a little daughter. The girl had been lost to her, whether through death when an infant, or some tragic accident when a young girl, Judith never knew. But Ruth's heart had been bound up in that baby of hers; when madness came, it centered and turned upon the return of her child, "Who had run away from her, but who would come back some time." Trevors, having learned of her mad passion, had shaped it to his purpose.

But that was not all. Judith had been brought to the cave early Sunday morning. Sunday afternoon there came to the cave a well-dressed man carrying a little black bag in his hand. He talked with Ruth; he took up the lantern and came to look at Judith.

"So I'll know you again," he laughed. Then he went away. In fragments which through long, empty hours her busy mind pieced together, bridging the gaps, she grasped the rest of Trevors' plan. This man was a physician, sent here from some one of the many mining towns in the mountains, probably from a camp twenty or thirty miles away. He, too, was a Trevors kinsman. Should Judith ever become Trevors of having brought her here, there was another story to be told. And this man would tell it: How he had been summoned here to attend a girl who had had a fall, who had wandered delirious through the mountains until Ruth had found her; when he had treated her, not daring at first to move her for fear of permanent shock to her system; who could give them no help to establish her identity; who had a thousand absurd fears and fancies and accusations to make, who in her building had at one time accused Bayne Trevors of having forcibly abducted her; who at another had said that it was a man named Carson, a man named Lee, who had brought her here.

Judith spent many a long hour exploring her prison, hoping to find a way out. So far as she knew she had but one person to reckon with, Mad Ruth. True, Trevors had said that he had a man on the ledge outside day and night; Judith had never seen such a person; had never heard his voice, and began to believe that it was a bit of bluff on Trevors' part. But she had never again been where she could look out of the cave's mouth, since Mad Ruth had her own puffer on the floor at the narrowest part of the cave where it was like the neck of a monster bottle, and always at the first sound of the girl's approach, was on her feet to thrust her back. Clearly there was no way out of this place of shadows except that through which she had come.

Then, after an hour, the terrible woman had come to where Trevors had intrusted her, bringing food and water in her hand, blackened hands carrying the sickening stench of mad men in her unfathomable eyes. A lantern set on the floor made pale shadows, and out of these crept this woman, leering at Trevors, sneering at Judith, licking her lips, and chuckling to herself.

"I have brought her back to you, Ruth," he said, speaking softly, more

judith sought an explanation of her imprisonment, and after long groping she came very near the truth. Trevors would work his will with Hampton through Hampton's faith in him and admiration for him. And, in her absence, Hampton was the head of Blue Lake ranch.

Sunday night, hearing Mad Ruth moving cautiously, Judith raised herself on her elbow, listening. She was confident that the woman was moving toward the cave's mouth; she hoped wildly that Mad Ruth was tricked into believing her asleep and was going out. Her shoes in her hands, her stockings feet falling lightly, Judith moved toward the mad woman's couch.

Ruth was going out; was in fact even now slipping out of the narrow throat of the cave and to the ledge. But Judith could not see her. For a new, unexpected obstacle was in her way. Her outthrust hands touched not rock walls but heavy wooden panels; she knew then that the narrow neck of the cave was fitted with a heavy door and that it had been drawn shut, fastened from without. In a sudden access of fury and despair she bent at it with her two hands, crying out bitterly.

It was so dark, so inky black, and as still, save for her own outcry, as a tomb sealed and forgotten. Such darkness, smothering hope, suddenly was filled with vague terrors; for one worn-out and nervous as Judith was, the darkness seemed to harbor a thousand ugly things which watched her and mocked at her despair and reached out vile hands toward her. She called loudly, and for answer had the crazed laugh of Mad Ruth which floated in to her from without, but which seemed to drop down from the void above.

"Judith, Judith," the girl whispered after the first outburst, when she found that she was shouting pitifully. "You've got to do better than this; I'm ashamed of you!"

She went back to her couch, where she sat down, seeking to hold her laughing nerves in check. But, despite her intention, she sat shaking, flustered, listening, praying for even the footfall of her jailer.

When Ruth was with her she attempted in a hundred ways to gauge the woman's warped brain, to seek some way to get the better of her, to gain her trust and so to slip away. But she found that here was the usual cunning born of madness, and that Ruth's one idea was to keep the girl who had escaped her once but who must never escape again. There were times when suspicion awakened in Ruth's mind, and she broke into violent rage, so that her big body shook and her eyes in the lantern-light were cruel and murderous, when Judith shook back, and tried to change the woman's thoughts. For more than once had Mad Ruth cried out:

"I'll kill you! Kill you with my own hands to keep you here. To keep you mine, mine, mine!"

The woman carried no weapon, but after her two hands had once gripped the girl's shoulders, shaking her, Judith knew that Ruth needed no weapon. There was a strength greater than Trevors', greater than two men's. If Mad Ruth was fit to kill Judith with her two hands, she was fit to do it.

Sunday passed and Sunday night; Monday and Monday night. Judith knew that she had accomplished nothing, except perhaps to make Ruth believe that she was very much of a coward. In Ruth's mad brain that was little enough, since this did not allow her cunning watchfulness. Then Judith began to do something else, something actively. Just to be occupied, was something. Her fingers selected the largest, thickest branch from her bed of fringes. It was perhaps a couple of inches in diameter and heavy, because it was green. So, gently, cautiously of a twig snapped, she began with her fingers to strip the branch, tough and pliable. Then the Ruth must be cut into a length which would make it a club to be used in a cramped space. She found a bit

of stone, hard granite, which had scaled from the walls and which had a rough edge. With this, working many a quiet hour, she at last cut in two the fringes. She lifted it in her hands, to feel the weight of it, before she thrust it under her bed to lie hidden there against possible need. For thing as it was, she felt no longer utterly defenseless.

Once Mad Ruth, lighting the lan-

tern, had dropped a good match. When she had gone, Judith secured it hastily, hiding it as if it were gold. She knew that now and then Mad Ruth went down the cliffs and to the cabin across the chasm. Always at night and at the darkest hour. When she heard her go, Judith rose swiftly and went to the heavy door. Always she found it locked; her snaking at it hardly budged the heavy timbers. But though she could not see it, she studied it with her fingers until she had a picture of it in her mind. A picture that only increased her hopelessness. Bareheaded she could never hope to break it down or push it aside. And above it and below, and on each side, were the solid walls of stone.

She no longer knew what day it was. She scarcely knew if it were day or night. But, setting herself something to do so that she would not go mad, mad as Mad Ruth, she secured for herself another weapon. Another bit of stone which her groping fingers had found and hidden with her club; a jagged, ugly rock half the size of a man's head. Some little scraps of bread and meat, hoarded from her scanty meals, she hid in her blouse.

"If I could stay here just a week," she got into the way of whispering to herself, "Not kill her outright—just stun her—"

At last, feeling that she must work her own salvation with the crude weapons given her, Judith told herself that she could wait no longer. Another day and another and she would be weak from the confinement and poor food and nervous, wakeful hours. She must act while the strength was in her. And, if Trevors had spoken the truth, if there were a man to deal with outside—well, she must shut her mind to that until she came to it.

Mad Ruth was gone again, and Judith stood by the thick door, her heart beating furiously while she waited. It seemed to her eager impatience that Ruth would never come back. Then after a long, long time she heard a little scuffling sound upon the rock ledge outside, the sound of a quick step. And then, before she heard the snuffling, ugly voice which she had heard once and had never forgotten, she knew that this time she had waited too long. That it was not Ruth coming.

One man—and there might be others. She stepped back to her bed, hid the two weapons and waited. She must make no mistakes now.

The door was flung open. Outside it was dark, pitch-dark. But evidently the man entering had no fear of being seen. He threw down a bundle of dry fagots, and set fire to them. The blaze, leaping up, casting wavering gleams to where Judith stood, showed her plainly the twisted, ugly face of Quinlan, his red-rimmed eyes peering at her, filled with evil light.

"The better to see you by, my dear!" was Quinlan's word of greeting. Judith made no answer. She drew a little farther back into the shadows, a little closer to the things she had hidden among the fringes.

"Ho!" sneered Quinlan, his mood from the first plain enough to read in the glimpses of his face and in the added harshness of his voice. "Timid little fawn, huh? By G-d, a man would say from the bluff you put up that it was all a dream about finally you an' the handsome Lee in the cabin together! Stan' off all you d—n plense! I've come to tame you, you little beauty of the low innocent eyes!"

Not drunk; no, Quinlan was never drunk. But, as he came a step closer, the heavy air of the cave grew heavier with the whiskey he carried, whiskey enough to stimulate the evil within him, not to quench it.

"Stand back!" cried Judith, with a sharp intake of breath. "I want to talk with you, Chris Quinlan."

"So you know who I am, do you? Well, much good it'll do you!" "I know who you are and what you are," she told him defiantly, suddenly sick of her long hours of playing baby, knowing at the moment less fear than hatred and loathing. "Listen to me: Bayne Trevors has come out in the open at last; he has made his big play and is going to lose on it. Your own chance now is to let me go and to go yourself. Go fast and far, Chris Quinlan. For when the law knows the sort Bayne Trevors is and how you have worked hand and glove with him, it will know just how much his word was worth when he swore you were with him when father was talked? Forward and cut and war—"

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Carver's